forerunner of the Harvard game at Cambridge next Saturday, Yale's victory convinced the critics that unless the Crimson between now and then shows a wonderful improvement there will be another signal triumph for the Blue

HOW THE BATTLE WAGED. Movements of the Pigskin as It-Changed

New HAVEN, Nov. 48 .- Banked on four sides of the well groomed gridiron at 2 o'clock sat the greatest gathering of football enthusiasts that ever saw a battle on Yale Field. For two hours the stream of humanity had been piling through the wide portals, filled with bubbling onthusiasm and confident hope. The Yale crowd was on hand bright and early with a regimental band which played popular airs incessantly and provided accompaniments for the songs that rang through the air all the afternoon. From the low seats on the edge of the field to a point sixty feet above the ground the Yale men and the Yale girls covered the vast structures in such a manper that there was nothing to be seen from the Princeton side of the field but a sea of faces and a waving, fluttering mass of blue

without interruption, and around the other side of the big amphitheatre was a similar picture with an orange and black background. Such songs and cheers as went up from the Yale and Princeton cohorts never were heard before. It was a constant jumble of sound that made the welkin ring and sent thousands away from the scene of action with aching lungs and sore throats. Yet a real football enthusiast could not be expected to enjoy himself without giving vent to his feelings in a

With a band from the Pennsylvania National Guard blaring from the Tiger horde, and the Yale musicians doing their level best to outplay their rivals, a mighty cheer went up at 2:05 o'clock when Capt. Shevlin. hugging a new yellow ball, led the Yale warriors out into public view. Lithe of limb and trained to the hour.

these young giants sprinted to midfield twenty-five strong, and then, peeling of their gray blankets, they indulged in the time honored practice of passing the ball from one to another. Two minutes later a deafening roar from Old Nassau greeted the appearance of Capt. Cooney's players. With marked confidence they skipped ecross the chalk lines, followed by a be-y of coaches and the usual retinue of handlers and bottle carriers.

With the great battle imminent the enthusiasm broke out anew; but soon the cheers and the songs were replaced with silence as the officials made ready to start the teams on their journey. Umpire Wrenn, who did not disclose his identity until he removed a white fedora hat and a neat fitting tan overcoat, called the Princeton men about him and talked to them in such vehement manner that hundreds asked the question "Who is he?

Wrenn shook his head from side to side and then up and down, and then from side to side again, until it seemed as if he meant to shake it off. He went through gestures with his hands and elbows that would have made a professional boxer blush and then receiving nods of approval from the attentive Jersey men, he retired to another part of the field, where he went through the same stunt with the Vale men. COONEY CALLS THE TURN.

"Why, he is the head coach of both teams," remarked a lovely Princ ton girl who had watched Wrenn's managuvres through a pair of opera glasses. . "He's telling them both what to do." But her escort only frowned as he heard the quiet laughs on either hand, and a moment later Wrenn removed his hat and coat and stood resplendent in a gray sweater and a head of hair that had been combed to a nicety.

Referee McCracken, in a Pennsylvania sweater, displaying a pair of well rounded calves encased in blue stockings, stood like a statue in the middle of the gridiron until the umpire had finished his oration, and then the two captains were called to the centre of the battle ground, where a coin was flipped in the air and Cooney called the turn. Princeton thereby won the toss, and Cooney, holding a straw aloft seeking in vain to discover which way he wind was blowing, decided to defend the north goal, giving the ball to Yale to be

Biglow. Yale's trim tackle, stooped down and made a tee of dirt exactly in the centre as to be booted into the enemy's territory proper poise the referee sounded his whis le

THE BATTLE IS ON.

before Biglow could kick the ball it rolled gently from the top of the tee and again the rime killing proceeding was repeated. Then, when all was ready, Biglow put his heavy foot under the ball and sent it hur ling through the air far down toward the Princeton goalposts, where Quarterback Dillon stood waiting with outstretched arms. Dillon caught the ball, tucked it under his arm and had started back under full head-way when Erwin loomed up in his path and threw him over backward with great

Dillon had covered sixteen yards before he was downed, and when Daub had gained five more in a plunge through the left wing Vale profited by a penalty of fifteen yards for holding, which placed the ball on Prince-ton's 12-yard mark. A punt was inevitable, and Bard lifted the ball with quickness and

and Bard lifted the ball with quickness and precision to Veeder, who was downed in his tracks by Brasher on the 45-yard line.

The officials got their wires crossed on this play, for after the ball had been called back, presumably for holding, the pla ers were ordered to return to the place where Veeder had been thrown. It was Princeton's ball on a ruling by Umpire Wrenn, and after two short gains by McCorniek. Bard punted on the third-down. This time Cates secured the ball, but before he could move a leg Tooker had pinned him to Yale's ove a leg Tooker had pinned him to Yale's

YALE BEGINS HER ATTACK.

Then Yale began the attack which Princeton all along expected. With Tripp, the right guard, behind the line to make holes both Veeder and Morse were driven first through one wing and then through the other for irresistible gains. Yale's attack was lightning personified.

The advance was continued left and right and until Yale had advanced the healt to Princeton's 45 ward line, where

right and until fale had advanced the ball to Princeton's 45 ward line, where time was taken out for a moment to allow a handler to sponge the bloody mouth of Brashner. Again the mighty Tripp tore a wide gap between Cooney and Rafferty for a gain of six yards, but there was holding by a Yale man and Princeton received fifteen words as a result.

Without hesitation Flinn booted a punt down the field, which Quarterback Dillon muffed ingloriously, and before he could recover (he ball Biglow, who had dashed down under it like a ten second sprinter, fell on it on Princeton's 39 yard line. This blunder took the heart out of the Princeton

esumed. Flinn made a short gain through over close to the Vale side line, with a yard to go on the third down. Veeder made running out of bounds.

When the bell had been taken in the

running out of bounds.

When the ball had been taken in the usual distance the teams lined up on Princeton's 11 yard line and the Yale men, putting their heads together, framed up another attack which resulted in disaster. In spite of all the prayers offered to the foot-

### President Roosevelt

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a number of copies of his new work entitled "Cutioor Sports," with his autograph in each book. This is an important incident of what undoubtedly will be the Greatest Fair over held in this country.

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ball gods by Princeton, and with Yale sending forth a rattling roar of encouraging cheers. Flinn and Veeder were driven tow-ard the goal line through both wings until there was half a yard left to be cov-

until there was half a yard left to be covered.

The Tigers, with sharpened claws, braced themselves for the assault that followed, but it was irresistible, and, fairly overwhelmed, the Tigers were swept back before Yale's tremendous power, in which Forbes was hurled bodily over the chalk line for the first touchdown of the game. This play was the signal for a demonstration that beggars description. Yale went wild with delight. Thousands of men and women leaped from their seats and yelled until they sank back exhausted. Flags and hats were thrown into the air regardless of where they fell and hundreds of cushions went skimming about as the result of good natured horseplay.

With the blue banners da zzling the ey as they shifted about in the wild confusion.

with the blue banners da zzing the ey as they shifted about in the wild confusion came a striking comparison in the disappearance of the orange and black streamers across the gridiron. Temporarily dropped in a moment of deep anquish, the Princeton emblems of defiance could not be seen, while from the throats of the Old Nassau follower came nothing but means and followers came nothing but means and groans indicative of the sudden blow that fell on them like a lightning bolt from a

MORE AGONY FOR OLD NASSAU. And yet there was more agony to be piled on when Hutchinson punted out to Cates, who made a fair catch directly in front of the goal posts, and when Hutchinson drove the hall over the crossbar as if from a rifled cannon the score had been increased to 6 to 0. It had required eighteen nutes of play to acquire this advantage I before the battle was resumed Veeder, Yale halfback and punter, was escorted the side lines, badly winded, Roome

iking his place.
But Princelon was nothing daunted: It But Princelon was nothing daunted; it was early in the game, and with the possibilities of many changes in the luck the Tigers swallowed the bitter pill and screwed up their courage to the highest pitch. It did not take Daub long to kick off again, and this time Flinn made the catch, which was followed by a run to his 20 yard line, where Cooneymade a lunging tackle and down work the Vale fullback like a bag of med went the Yale fullback like a bag of meal The next play was a rattling punt by Roome, and when Quarterback | illon caught the ball in the middle of the field. Cates was on him like a panther, but Dillon dodged the Yale left, only to have Hutchinson grab him by the leg. and throw him on his head.

PRINCETON FORCES THE FIGHT. PRINCETON FORCES THE FIGHT.

It was up to Princeton now to test the strength of Yale's defence. In two rather slow attacks Daub and Bard gained three yards, between them carrying the ball close to the side lines. Here the Tigers received five yards for interference with the centre, after which Princeton's attack assumed a sudden power and brilliancy that caused a great revival of enthusiasm in the Tiger horde. McCormick began it with a dash through Erwin for six yards, Daub following with two more in the same baub following with two more in the same place and running the ball out of bounds. It was Cooney who carried the ball to Yale's 38 yard line, and Bard butted his way through another opening for six yards.

McCorinick and Cooney kept up the battering until the Tigers had advanced to Yale's 29 yard line, where Yale braced and every set the ball to yale's 29 yard line, where Yale braced and every set the ball to down.

to Yafe's 29 yard line, where Yafe braced and secured the ball on downs. As Roome could not gain a foot, he got in a fair sort of a punt on the next play, which was gathered in by E. Dillon on his 45 yard line. Racing to him like a runaway horse came Shevlin, ready for a deadly tackle, but Dillon deftly sidestepped him and sprinted over the ribs of chalk around yard view of the hand around fail and the ball of the sidestepped him and sprinted over the ribs of chalk around yard was proposed by the ball of the sidestepped him and sprinted over the ribs of chalk around yard was proposed by the sidestepped him and yard was sidestepped him a side was sidestepped him and yard was sidestepped him a side was sid e's right end. He had an open field, and leaped the Jersey regiment, yelling

Dillon had covered twenty-five vards when Morse sprang out of the ground, it seemed, and laid him low in such a manher that sponges and water bottles were called for before the little Princeton man

could go on.

"Tear them up Princeton; smash 'em to pieces; make a touchdown." This was the frenzied advice hurled from the Jersey stands, and in less time than it takes to tell it. stands, and in less time than it takes to tell it Mccornick, Bard and Cooney had smashed their way to Yale's 30 yard line.

TOOKER MISSES A PROP KICK. Princeton's attack was a revelation, and Yale's failure to stop it caused some wonder. But when Capt. Shevlin had exhorted his men to stand up to it they took a brace, and the Tigers lost nine yards on two consecutive plays, including a delayed pass. Then Tooker, destined later to become a hero, dropped back for a goal from the 15 yard line, but the ball was passed to him in a slovenly manner, and as he had to juggle it as it bounded off the ground his drop kick was a failure, for the ball was raised only a few feet above the turf and veered of to one side, where Hutchinson, picking it up, was tackled sharply by Brasher on Yale's 8 yard line. Again Brasher's nose assumed a vermilion hue and the water bottle men got busy. But a

bloody nose is nothing in a football game and only a minute was taken out. Roome was unable to gain, so he punted straightway to Dillon, who was nailed to the sod on Princeton's 48 yard line. McCornick and Cooney tore their way through Yale's defence tor a total of six yards, but Yale received ufteen yards for holding. Daub tried Shevlin's end for a slight gain, then tried a fake kick. This did not work at all, for the Yale forwards were on him like a flash, so that when he attempted to punt Tripp broke through and throwing up his arm dropped the ball. There was a wild scramble for its possession and Carothers, the Princeton centre, fell on

Princeton followed with a double pass, out again the Yale men were so quick on their feet that Daub was driven out of bounds headlong among the coaches on the side lines. Princeton lost the ball the next moment on a fumble, and Yale began another terrific onslaught at the Tivers 28 yard line. Flinn and Morse had made seven yards when there was holding by Yale

and a 15 yard penalty. Hutchinson received orders to try a drop kick from the 45 yard line, but his drive was low and inaccurate, the ball being grabbed by E. Dillon, who being grabbed by E. Dillon, who was heavily dropped by Tripp on the 10



free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tarter. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist. yard line. With no idea of giving up, the Tigers tried a further attack, but it was fruitless, and Bard punted to Hutchinson, whose fingers were covered with butter, and the ball was muffed on Yale's 48 yard

and the ball was induced on rades as yard line.

Hutchinson turned to recover the ball, but Brasher had got there ahead of him and was in the act of getting up for a run when Shelvin collared him from behind. Cooney, McCormick, Bard and Daub worked the ball back to Yale's 39 yard line, where play ceased, for the first half was over with the score 6 to 0.

The teams hurried off the field to the dressing rooms for the usual rest and a new batch of instructions from the coaches, while the rival crowds burst into songs and cheering anew. With uncovered heads and waving hats Princeton sang this song in beautiful harmony:

Way down in old New Jersey.

Way down in old New Jersey.

in beautiful harmony:

Way down in old New Jersey.
In that far off jungle land.
There lives a Princeton Tiger
Who will ear right off your hand.
But when he gets in battle
With the other beasts of prey
He frightens them almost to death
In this peculiar way.

A Princeton "locomotive" followed, which
gave way to the historical Greek chorus of
Yale, which was succeeded by this yell,
the meaning of which is left to the reader:

"Kahmahti Korah, Korah Kah, Tenati,
Tongati, Facka Ti Rah, Korah Korah.
Nana I Mai for Yale."

THE SECOND HALF. By this time the warriors were returning. With Yale shifting to the north goal and Princeton having the kickoff, Tooker drove the ball into play, and Morse, after muffing it on his 15 yard line, fell on it with a dull thud. Flinn made fifteen yards around Brasher's end, where Cooney got him. Roome punted to Daub, who quickly passed the ball to E. Dillon. It was a pretty play, but it amounted to nothing, as Sheviin grabbed Dillon around the waist and put him down for the count. A few moments elapsed before Bard punted back in poor style, the ball rolling out of bounds.

When Yale had made lifteen yards the

style, the ball rolling out of bounds.

When Yale had made tifteen yards the Tigers' defence proved so strong that Roome kicked, and the oval rolled out of bounds at the Tigers' 35 vard line. Bard was so used up that Munt took his place. The latter was immediately called upon to punt, but the ball had reverse English on it. When it struck the ground it bounded back so that Flanders, who grabbed it above his head, hustled back to the point where Munn had kicked.

where Munn had kicked.

Morse and Flinn made two short gains, whereupon the Tigers received fifteen yards for holding. Hutchinson then tried a quarterback run and dashed clear across quarterback run and dashed clear across the field in an attempt to circle Princeton's left end, but he was downed for a loss and then tried a quarterback kick, which F. Dillon took by jumping in the air, only to be driven out of bounds by Cates.

HUTCHINSON'S DASHING RUN. This was poor judgment on the part of Dillon, who should have allowed the ball to roll over the goal line, but as it was the Tigers lined up with it on their 2 yard mark and after a series of short, ineffective dashes

The ball sailed straight into Hutchinson's arms, and, gathering headway as he ran, he made a bee line for Princeton's left end. He dodged Brasher with agility and then saw Cooney crouching low to make a tackle. As he reached the Princeton captain Hutchinson jumped five feet in the air, completely over Cooney's head, and, landing safely beyond him, he went on in his wild career. It was a startling play and the crowd went crazy over it. But the next moment Munn was there with a flying tackle and Hutchinson went to grass after covering twenty-five

It was a case of tearing Princeton to pieces after this, and after a series of fierce mix-ups Cates was relieved by H. Jones, al-though the Yale end was able to walk off the field unassisted. Brasher, too, was laid up and was carried to the side lines, while

TOUCHDOWN AND JUBILATION. TOUCHDOWN AND JUBILATION.

It was Yale's ball on the 12 yard line, and with Tripp, Biglow and Forbes taking turns behind the line, immense holes were cut in the Jersey defence, the Yale backs being driven along with overpowering strength until the ball was within a couple of yards of the line. Again the Tigers stood their ground. Battered and bleeding, they did not flinch, but when the next Yale formation hit them with a crash that would formation hit them with a crash that would have dented the plates on a battleship Flinn was tossed over the line for a second touchdown.

Morse caught Hutchinson's punt and poised the ball for the goal trial. The drive was inaccurate and the attempt was a failure as the ball struck one of the posts and bounded back to the field. That made the score 11 to 0, and the Yale men were now rooting for a whitewash.

TENNEY S. CCEEDS F. DILLON. Quarterback Dillon was instructed by the coaches to give way to Tenney, and J. Waller took the place of Carothers, the

Tigers snap back.
When the Tigers kicked the ball off Shevlin caught it. This was a signal for another Yale cheer, for the Yale captain is noted for his ability to run back kicks. He started with a dash and speed that looked irresistible. He covered twenty yards. breading his way between tackiers until could be put in play again many Princeton supporters began to move toward the gate, realizing that victory was beyond their grasp, and that they might just as well make a move for early trains.

Yale received five yard's now for inter-ference with the centre and Hutchinson during a sudden lull in the enthusiasm was heard to give the signal in a strong, clear

"Forty -six--fifty-five--fifty-one--eightytwo-one."
This called for a play around Princeton's left end, but Roome, who took the ball failed to gain a yard. Roome punted on the following play, driving the ball out of bounds at Princeton's 15 yard line. McCormick corralled a couple of yards in a straight smash at the centre, and Prince-ton received five yards more for inter-

ference. In quick succession McCormick, Munn and Cooney made short gains, but when Yale's defence became impregnable Tenney got in a quarterback kick SEVENTY YARD RUN BY YALE MAN Standing on his 20 yard line, Hutchinson caught the ball. His interefernce formed at once, and the Yale quarterback getting under headway with wonderful quickness, rushed down the field with tremendous rushed down the neid with tremendous speed. One after another the Princeton tacklers were bowled over by Shevlin, Forbes and Tripp, and another Jerseyman, who braced himself in front of the flying

for the Princeton goal, when McCormick who had been gaining on him steadily, made a flying leap for Hutchinson's head. His arms settled about the Yale man's neck with a viselike grip, and that settled it, for down went Hutchinson under a pile of struggling men on Princeton's 20 yard line after he had covered seventy yards, the finest run of the game. It took Biglow one great plunge to reach

the 9 yard line, where Rafferty was declared out of commission and B. Waller took his place. Again Biglow lined up to take the ball, and with Tripp cutting a pathway for him through the centre of the Princeton line Yale's husky right tackle made another touchdown, from which Hutchinson kicked a goal and increased the score 17 points.

PLOUGHING THROUGH PRINCETON. PLOUGHING THROUGH PRINCETON.

It looked like a walkover now, but the Tigers set their jaws firmly and lined up again. Off went the ball into Yale's territory, and Morse hustled back twenty-five yards with it before Cooney tackled him. Scarcely taking a breath, Morse repeated with a brilliant run of thirty-five yards around Princeton's right end. Tooker nailing him from behind. Forbes also skirted Tooker for ten more, and time was taken out while Hookenserger succeeded Erwin at Yale's left guard and H. Dillon left the Princeton team in favor

ceeded Erwin at Yale's left guard and H.
Dillon left the Princeton team in favor
of Phillips. Biglow bored through a gap
in the left wing for five yards and Roome
sprinted around O'Brien's end for fifteen.
McCormick grabbing him in the nick of
time when the Yale man was about to
secure a clear field.
Flinn followed with a rattling dash to
the 12 yard line, and then the Yale coaches
sent Levine on to take his place. Flinn
protested vigorously at the change, but
discipline prevailed, and he sprinted to
the side lines, declaring that he should
have been allowed to remain. Roome
fought his way to the 8 yard line in a smashing mass play, and when two yards more
had been collected Princeton received five
yards for interference.
This loss was quickly recovered by

yards for interference.

This loss was quickly recovered by Levine, and Capt. Shevlin called on his men to score again. Tripp dropped back and fairly lifted two Princeton defenders off their feet. The Yale men closed in behind him and boosted Roome clear over the goal line for the fourth touchdown, Hutchinson kicking a rather difficult goal and raising the score to 23.

In short it was a case of "23" for Prince-

In short it was a case of "23" for Princeton, to use the slang of the sporting fraternity. Of course another Yale song was in order and here it is to the air of "Rufus

in order and here it is to the air of "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown":

Princeton, Tiger, N ssau Hall,
What y'er gwine to do when you get the ball?
What y'er gwine to feint?
What y'er gwine to gain?
You can't come a runnin' into Ell's lane.
First downs, you know, are a coming pretty slow;
You can't rush the ball, because you can't strike a blow;
Princeton, Tiger, Nassau Hall,
What y'er gwine to do when you get the bail?
The Princeton host meanwhile arose and with swinging hats sang the well known anthem "Old Nassau" with a pathos that must have appealed to their battered representatives on the field. Capt. Cooney was everywhere. Even with this overwhelming score hanging over him he did not yield. He begged his men to fight to the last ditch. He told them that the honor of old Princeton was at stake and that with the short ton was at stake and that with the short time remaining there was still a chance to score at least once; and so when Princeton kicked the ball off again the Tigers were

kicked the ball off again the Tigers were ready for another setto regardless of aching limbs and broken hearts.

With the ball settling in Shevlin's grip, the Yale captain by tall sprinting reached his 25 yard line, where a desperate tackle stood him on his head and made the Jerseymen cheer with renewed courage. Levine followed with a spanking run of twenty-five yards, but the ball was called back, and Princeton received yards for holding. Yale then had the ball in front of the goal posts, but rather than take a chance of punting it from such a dangerous position Biglow and Levine made four yards before Roome fell back to kick.

KICKS BALL INTO STANDS.

KICKS BALL INTO STANDS. The Yale booter drove the ball into the New Haven crowd in the stands at the 35 yard line and when it had been taken 35 yard line and when it had been taken in Tenney tried a quarterback run. He made eight yards before he was toppled over. Right up to Yale's 20 yard line, Princeton carried the ball with a desperation that showed the true spirit, but Daub, face covered with blood, had to give way to Tibbit. When the battle was resumed Munn was dragged to the 12 yard line, the Tigers fighting like wildcats and their friends urging them on in the hopeless struggle.

struggle.

But Yale braced, and when the Tigers had lost several yards the ball was fumbled, and Hutchinson made a fine play when he picked it out of the bunch and was downed on the 15 yard line. Princeton, therefore, lost a royal chance to score a touchdown, in fact the best chance they had all the offeren. afternoon. The misplay clearly disheart-ened them and hundreds of their supporters

A punt was in order and this was where Roome erred. Instead of kicking the ball out of bounds he drove it straight down the out of bounds he drove it straight down the field high and far over the heads of the strugging players. Tenney in a jiffy knew what to do. As he saw the ball whirl-ing through the air he raised his hand above his head as a signal that he was about to make a fair catch. He caught the ball on the 43 yard line and stuck his heel in the turf while another roar came from those of the Jersey rooters who remained.

TOOKER'S FINE KICK.

This play meant a trial for goal, either from placement or a drop kick, and Tooker received the oval for the attempt. Ordinarily such a trial is made from placement, but Tooker, confident in his a bility to make a successful drop kick, stood rivefed to the a successful drop kick, stood rivefed to the spot fondling the ball and gauging the dis-tance to the goal posts with a practised eye. Not a cheer was heard nor even the semblance of a song as Princeton's hero medi-

seconds ticked off on the watches held along the side lines, and the Yale men frowning with anticipated disappointment, stood in line across the field. It seemed an impossible task, and especially as Tooker stood at an angle instead of straight stood at a larger instead of straight in front of the posts. Then, taking a few steps, he dropped the ball to the ground, and as it struck the turf he drove his foot under it and raised it whirlingend over end

hrough space.
Like a rocket, the leather sped onward, going higher and higher as it gained mo-mentum, with the Yale team looking up at it sorrowfully and thousands of eyes following it in its flight. Straight on, as if it had been fired by a crack marksman, the ball went clear above the cross bar by thirty feet and settled down beyond successfully. It was one of the most eventful goals ever drop kicked on the gridiron, and thousands, including men of both factions, cheered tooker to the echo.

Old timers recalled a feld goal kicked

by Al Sharpe of Yale, also from the 42 yard mark, in the game won by Poe's famous goal, while others recalled an even longer drive by Herschberger of Chicago several years ago; but neither of these drives was any better, if as good, as this performance of Tooker's, which will be remembered by

every man who saw it.
TOOKER LION OF THE HOUR. Tooker was the lion of the hour. The Princeton players hugged him for joy. and he was cheered again and again as he took his place. Capt. Shevlin and the Yale men were clearly discomfited and Sheelin passed a reproachful look in the direction of Roome for Tooker's goal was the first score made against the Blue

Yale kicked off in another moment, and Tenney hustled back with a ten yard run. Then the Princeton quarterback, taking the ball from the centre, made a short dash and quickly passed the leather to Munn, but the play was fruitless and Tenney punted to Hutchinson, who threw off a couple of Jersey tackles before he was thrown on Yale's 35 yard line. Roome booted the ball out of bounds at Princeton's 25 yard line, and before another play could 25 yard line, and before another play could be made the game was over.

VICTOR CHEERS VANQUISHED. Like a huge serpent, hundreds of Yale men, young and old, locked arms, and winding in and out in fantastic dance they circled the field cheering and throw-ing up their hats. Reaching the middle of the Princeton stand, the Yale procession halted. The band ceased playing, and a great cheer went up for Princeton. This exhibition of sportsmanship and good feeling called for an echoing reply from Jersey and a flood of congratulations.

The rollicking procession resumed its

way, and, passing under the goal posts at either end of the field, the Yale men threw their hats over the crossbars, unmindful as to whether they recovered them or not. Out from the amphitheatre poured the great crowd, homeward bound and satisfied with one of the most interesting exhibi-tions of gridiron sport that has ever been seen in the East. The summary: seen in the East.

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CRITICISM OF THE PLAYERS. Comparisons of the Rivals as They Lined

Up for the Battle. NEW HAVEN, Nov. 18 .- Yale's team play demonstrated one fact if nothing else. It showed what coaching by expert teachers can accomplish, even with crude material in hand. In the rush line that faced Princeton were only two veterans. Capt. Shevlin and Right Guard Tripp. The other men never had experienced the sensation of taking part in a championship contest. When Ploomer and Hogan and other stars graduated last year Yale's opponents noped that there would be a slump at New Haven, yet with such competent instructors as George Foster Sanford, the best coacl in the country; Jack Owsley, who has been in charge of the team all the season; Ralph Bloomer, Frank Hinkey, "Brink" Thorne and others, who were under the supervision of the diplomatic Walter Camp, a practically new eleven was moulded into championship form of the highest quality

In the back field Veeder and Flinn, who played last year, formed a nucleus for another splendid combination with Hutchinson, the quarterback, a bright, scintillating star, but who was not considered before to-day's game the equal of Yale's phenomenal freshman quarterback, Tad Jones. Yale's general performance might be likened to that of a well oiled, perfectly balanced piece of machinery. The men worked together with perfect harmony. There was no individual playing, but everybody helped everybody else. Shevlin moulded himself into the machine and worked with one object in view, that of getting the most out of every man on the team, regardless of personal heroism.

Shevlin's personality well describes the Yale team. A quick, dashing, plucky player, he imbued the others with these attributes, so that from the moment the game started until it was over the Yale team. it might be said, played Shevlin football Shevlin played a brilliant game, yet he did not shine with the lustre of past seasons. On several occasions, while getting down under the kicks with his characteristic speed, he missed his tackles, but that is part of the game and nothing to his discredit. Gates, while he lasted, proved all that had been said of him. He was swift of foot, sure in tackling, and followed the ball like a hound. He compared favorably with a hound. He compared favorably with many of Yale's former star ends, but there

ence is everything in football.

Yale developed a pair of powerful tackles in Forbes and Biglow. While it could not be said that they were in the class with Bloomer and Hogan, whose place they filled, still they were of inestimable value to the team, both in defence and attack, and with the experience they gained in this contest they should prove more formidable these. they should prove more formidable than when they run up against Harvard. If there was any weak spot in the Yale line it was at left guard. Erwin was a target for the Princeton attacks and through him many gains were made, but as he had not played the position constantly all the on fault could not be justly found

with him.

Tripp, the other guard, played a splendid NO. game. He proved a tower of strength in opening up holes for his backs and in

Carothers
H. Dillon
Herring
Tooker
E. Dillon
Bard
Daub
McCormlek
fouchdowns
from touch. o faced him, and seldom erred in putting

the ball into play.

Hutchinson's handling of the Yale team

must revelation. He ran his plays off with despatch and good judgment, and his spectacular runs placed him on a pinnacle from which he will not be removed in a hurry. He made a couple of blunders in handling kicks, but they cost nothing and were forgetten in the general supports. were forgotten in the general summary of his play. Veeder did not last long enough to show his worth, but Roome, who suc-ceeded him, played a rattling game, barring his lack of judgment when his punt enabled Tooker to kick his goal. Morse was fast, aggressive and successful in ground gain-ing, and so was Flinn. In fact, the Yale backfield could not have been improved on. defence, while shaky at times, was powerful when pulled together under pressure, and that was the secret of Princeton's failure to score a touchdown. The Princeton team played in streaks. Good foot-ball was mixed with bad. Star alays were intermingled with blunders, yet the men did as well as they knew how. It may be that they were not in the same physical condition shown by the Yale men, for the reason that many of them weakened under

the strain and gave way to substitutes; but Princeton has always believed in using fresh players in the face of defeat, so that the question of condition does not cut a material figure.

Princeton's rush line for the most part was outplayed. Cooney was easily the star. In fact, without him the Tigers would star. In fact, without him the Tigers would probably have received a worse trouncing. He made a fairly even break of it with Biglow, but Herring, the other tackle, was no match for Forbes. Rafferty was a mark for Yale's onslaughts. Yale picked him out from the start and drove plays at him with marked success. Princeton's ends were almost faultless at times in the way they went down the field after punts, but then again they were found wanting

under similar circumstances. Tooker was the better man of the two. Behind the line Bard was easily the best while he lasted. His punting was fair, but his line breaking was better. Quarter-back Dillon played a stiff game, but Tenney seemed to be the more brilliant of the two McCormick did some good ground gaining, and so did Daub; but the whole Princeton team, taking it as a unit, was outclassed and outgeneralled. The teams were evenly matched as to weight. The average weight of the Princeton team was close to 181 pounds, while that of the Yale team was about 180.

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DIED.

DUNNING .- On Nov. 17, at the Seney Hospit William Dunning, aged 62.
Funeral to take place Sunday, Nov. 49, 2 F.
from the undertaking establishment of W.
Russell, 100 Norman av., Greenpoint, Brosse FITZPATRICK. -On Saturday, November 18, residence of his son, James W. 111 Mestreet. Brooklyn, Philip A. Fitzpatra

77 years. Notice of funeral hereafter KAUFMAN. On Friday, November 17, 100 Louise, widow of Rev. J. Henry ka Funeral services at the Presbytetian Matawan, N. J., Monday, November

STREMMELL. At Astoria, L. 1, on bell 17, 1905, Jonas Stremmeli, in his age. Funeral services at St. George's Churc

on Monday, Nov. 20, at 1 o'clock. In his late residence, 91 Remsen st., at 12 30